

# ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. VIII.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

NO. 26.

## Arizona Central Bank

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## SECRET SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.  
FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 11, I. O. O. F. meets  
every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.  
Visiting Brothers in good standing cordially  
invited to attend.  
J. C. NEWMAN, N. G.  
N. G. LAYTON, Sec'y.

T. E. G. RANSOM.  
WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 12, meets at  
G. A. R. Hall every two weeks on Thurs-  
day, at 2 o'clock P. M.  
Mrs. P. B. RUSSELL, Pres.  
Mrs. LENA ELMORE, Sec'y.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE.  
No. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings of this  
Lodge at Masonic Hall, on the fourth Mon-  
day in each month. Sojourning Brethren cor-  
dially invited to attend.  
J. E. BURCHARD, Sec'y. J. W. SHARP, W. A.  
Examining Committee: W. J. Hill, Niles J.  
Cameron, John Rosebaugh.

O. E. S.  
MOUNT FRISCO CHAPTER, No. 4, O. E. S.  
Regular convocations in Masonic Hall  
second and fourth Friday nights in each month.  
Males, 21 years and over, worthy Master.  
J. E. BURCHARD, Worthy Patron.  
J. GUTHRIE SAVAGE, Sec'y.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS.  
SATED CONVOCATIONS on the third Satur-  
day in each month in Masonic Hall at 8 P. M.  
Sojourning Brethren are cordially invited.  
J. E. BURCHARD, H. P.  
F. W. H. GUTTER, Sec'y.

RANSOM POST.  
No. 4, G. A. R., meets at Grand Army Hall, on  
the second and last Saturday in each month.  
Visiting Comrades are invited to attend.  
Geo. Hoxworth, P. C.  
L. L. BURNS, Adjutant.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE,  
No. 5, K. O. F. Regular convocations of this  
Lodge held every Tuesday evening in Kil-  
patrick's Hall. Brethren in good standing are  
cordially invited.  
H. E. CAMPBELL, C. C.  
N. G. LAYTON, K. of R. & S.

## STOCKMEN!

## ATTENTION!

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Patented Ranches for sale, with or with-  
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Attention.

REFERENCES—Bank of Arizona, Prescott,  
Ariz.; Arizona Lumber Co., Flagstaff.

## A DEAD BRIDEGROOM.

A Singular Wedding at the  
Coffin's Side.

## JOINED IN THE PRESENCE OF GRIM DEATH.

Who and What the Interested Parties  
Were and Are.

I once interviewed for The Sun a young woman with bright blue eyes and a pink face who had been "married" to a dead man. She stood beside the coffin in which the dead man rested, and placed her right hand in his right hand, as her father stood at the head of the coffin and read the ceremony and answered for the voiceless lips in the coffin. That young woman is alive today, and lived at last accounts in Elm avenue, Philadelphia. She formerly lived in New York, but after the strange ceremony went to the Quaker City and married a truck driver. It is a long story that led up to the ceremony, and one that required a month's work day and night, to thoroughly sift and demonstrate its truthfulness.

A SINGULAR CEREMONY.  
A little over a dozen years ago a scion of the Polish aristocracy, with eminent connections in Paris, came to New York to live. He was fairly wealthy at the time, and later on was joined by his mother, a widow. They lived in a number of New York boarding houses, and at last put up permanently in one in Washington square. The young man there met the blue eyed young woman and fell passionately in love with her. She was the daughter of the landlady of the house.

The money of the mother and son began to give out, and they were joined by an aunt from Paris, whose sole wealth was in valuable paintings. The young man was stricken down with quick consumption. As his dying day approached the father and mother of the young girl suggested that the young people be married. The mother and aunt of the young man acquiesced, but before the ceremony could be performed he died.

His relatives could not speak English. They were devout members of the Catholic church, and were told by the father and mother of the young woman that the laws of the church in this country permitted a marriage between a dead man and their living daughter. The dead man's relatives at first demurred, and then acquiesced. A friend of all the parties who was present at the ceremony said that the body was in full evening dress, and was leaned up against the wall of the parlor, where its picture was taken before it was put into the coffin for the ceremony. "There is the spot," the witness said to me, as she pointed to a corner in the parlor, "and don't you remember distinctly how frightened my little daughter was when she entered the parlor and saw the dead man standing in the corner before the photograph came. When the time for the ceremony arrived a score of people were clustered in the room, and the bride, standing beside the coffin, took her dead lover's hand in hers. Her father, at the head of the coffin, first addressed the corpse, 'Max, wilt thou have Fanny to be thy wedded wife etc., after the manner of the ritual, and, bending down into the coffin, he uttered a sepulchral 'Yes' for the corpse.

"Turning Fanny, the father said: 'Wilt thou have Max for thy wedded husband' etc., and Fanny, between her sobs, said 'Yes.' A ring that had been bought for the occasion was then slipped on the wedding finger of the young woman. All the company then had cakes and wine and a wedding jollification."

NOW A TRUCK DRIVER'S WIFE.  
The body of that young man now rests in a sealed coffin in old St. Patrick's cathedral in Mulberry street. The mother of the boy is dead. The aunt was the Countess Marie de Pruschoff. Even in the little room in Eldridge street, where she told me of this strange ceremony, she looked a veritable grand dame of France. She was 60 years old, and her silver hair combed over her forehead and her dignified mien were truly aristocratic. She was in a little room 15 by 12, and was making shifts for a livelihood. She managed to eke out \$3 a week. She had been accustomed to all the luxuries of life. She spoke of the dead boy as "my crown, my pride and my joy."

The mother of the boy was the Countess Borkowska. Max as a boy went to school with the Dominicans in Paris and at the Lycee Bonaparte while waiting to be admitted to the Oratorians, a learned religious order.  
The parents of the girl were Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Emmertz. They frankly admitted the marriage, and so did the girl. "I loved Max very much," she said to me, "and we were betrothed. A marriage ceremony was said between us as he lay in his coffin. I was known as Mme. de Borkowska for a long time after Max's death. I took his name after the ceremony, and I want to say this: That in the event of the death of his mother and aunt I should consider myself entitled to any property that should fall to Max's widow." At the time she said this she was the wife of the Philadelphia truckman.

All the parties interested have photographs of the body in evening dress as it stood in the corner before the ceremony. The ceremony took place on Oct. 12, 1878, at 63 South Washington square. The principals all seemed to accept the ceremony as binding. The Countess Pruschoff owned the famous Murillo, "The Flagellation of Christ," on exhibition several years ago at the Metropolitan museum. There is a contest for its ownership among several lawyers growing out of this strange ceremony.—Re-  
porter in New York Sun.

Elderly Bride (to her husband)—Darling, when I begin to grow old and plain, will you worship me as passionately as you do now?  
Young Husband—Ah, dear, can you doubt me? Do you imagine for a moment that my love for you is so short lived?—Harper's Bazar.

## CLOTH MADE FROM WOOD.

Method of Reducing the Boards to a State of Isolated Fibers.

Mitscherlich has applied the bisulphite process for reducing wood to the production of a fiber from wood which can be spun.  
Thin boards or balsa free from knots, but of any desired width, are cut into strips in the direction parallel with the grain, and are then boiled in a boiler containing a solution of sulphurous acid or bisulphite. This boiling effects disintegration without requiring that the strips of boards shall be reduced to very small pieces. After boiling the wood, it is dried in the open air or in specially constructed drying rooms. By thus drying the product, the fiber, which is originally very weak and tends to break at the slightest strain, becomes comparatively strong and does not resume its very breakable condition on the addition of water. The operations are carried out as follows:

The damp masses on the frame are transferred to a traveling endless cloth, which leads them to a pair of rollers, which may be plain or provided with corrugations in the direction of their length, the ribs of the one roller being made to gear into the recesses of the other one, whereby they effect a simultaneous strong bending and squeezing of the masses. The cutting of the material in passing through the corrugated rollers is avoided by causing the endless cloth to pass over the lower roller and by placing a canvas covering around the upper roller. The pressed masses fall from these rollers on to a second endless cloth, which conveys them to a second pair of rollers, from which they are conveyed to a third pair, and so on, they being preferably pressed in this way six times. By continued treatment of the wood the fibers become at length so pliable and isolated from each other that they can be employed directly for coarse filaments.

For obtaining a perfect isolation of the fibers, however, without material deterioration, these operations alone are not sufficient, and their special purpose is to loosen the fibers in the transverse direction, so that in the following operation a thin, long fiber may be obtained. For this purpose the boiled and pressed masses are completely dried. After drying they are combed in the direction parallel with the fibers by means of devices provided with pins or teeth, in a manner similar to the operations for combing flax, cotton, etc., but with the difference that the pins or teeth of the apparatus must be made very strong. The separation of the extractable matter from the fiber produced by boiling the gums and soluble organic matter can be effected at any time. It is, however, preferably effected after the fiber has been spun into threads, etc.—Scientific American.

## A Madman's Ingenuity.

John B. Leoni, a young sculptor, whose parents are supposed to reside in Jersey City, who for some time has been an inmate of an asylum, escaped from his keepers some time ago and wandered to Burlington, N. J., where a lively interest was taken in him. He was found roaming aimlessly around the streets, and, pending the result of inquiries as to his identity, was placed in the city jail.

Shortly after his incarceration Leoni obtained possession of a piece of soap and proceeded to astonish the jailers. With his finger nails he dexterously began carving the soap and gradually it assumed human shape. When through his labor Leoni had produced a model of an Alpine huntsman. The figure, which is now in possession of Mayor Silpath, is about seven inches in height. The right arm is outstretched, the hand encircling the neck of a duck, which is as carefully reproduced as the figure of the hunter. The left hand hangs by the side, holding a shotgun. At the feet of the hunter lies the figure of a retriever, wistfully gazing at the game his master holds aloft.

Leoni is said to have a brother in this city who is an engraver.—New York Press.

## Secret Hiding Places.

One of the most interesting features of our country houses is the secret hiding place. This generally has been contrived with much architectural skill, and in days gone by baffled discovery from the most observant and experienced eye. In certain cases it would appear that, for some reason or other, the hiding place has been specially kept a secret among members of the family. Thus, in the north of England, may be mentioned Netherhall, near Maryport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Senhouse. In this time honored mansion there is said to be a real secret chamber, its exact position being only known to two persons—the heir-in-law and the family solicitor. According to the popular tradition the secret of the hidden room has never been revealed to more than two living persons at a time! This mysterious room has no window, and, despite every endeavor to discover it, has, it is said, defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house. With this secret chamber may be compared the one at Glamis, the latter possessing a window, but which has not led to the identification of the mysterious room.—Liverpool Courier.

## The Prince of Coolavin.

We are told of McDermot, known as the Prince of Coolavin, who belonged to one of the principal Connaught families, that his income in 1776 barely amounted to £100 a year, yet he never suffered his lady to sit down in his presence. Lady Morgan adds that his daughter-in-law alone was permitted to eat at his table; even his wife was not accorded this privilege, as, though well born, she was not of royal blood. When Lord Kingsborough, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Sanford, and others, all men of position, came to see him he only took notice of the two last named, whom he thus addressed: "O'Hara, you are welcome; Sanford, I am glad to see your mother's son" (his mother was an O'Brien). "As to the rest of ye, come in as ye can."—Blackwood's Magazine.

## NAPOLEON'S COUPS.

An old Story of the Great Em-  
peror Retold.

## SUCH DARING AS WAS NEVER EQUALED.

To Capture France With Eleven Hun-  
dred Soldiers.

The two councils met at Saint Cloud. The republican majority in the Ancients inveighed against the trick by which they had been left out in the proceedings of the previous day. Bonaparte appeared at the bar to justify his action. He began a violent speech, lost his presence of mind, but catching a glimpse of the grenadiers outside he threatened the council with military violence if they should decide against him. Meanwhile, in the council of five hundred Lucien Bonaparte read the resignation of the three directors amid shouts from the members of "No Cromwell! No dictator! The constitution forever!"

Bonaparte now entered with four grenadiers, and attempted to speak, but was interrupted by cries and execrations, and could utter only a few broken sentences. The members appeared to be on the point of proceeding to violence against him when a body of soldiers rushed into the hall and carried him off. A motion was made for his outlawry, but Lucien refused to put it, left the chair and went outside the hall, where he addressed the troops, declaring that a body of faction men in the pay of England and armed with daggers had set the deliberations of the representatives of the people at defiance, and that he, as president of the assembly, summoned the military to quell the disturbance.

The soldiers hesitated until Lucien swore that he would stab his own brother if he attempted anything against the Republic. Murat, at the head of a body of grenadiers, then entered the hall and ordered the assembly to disperse. The members replied with shouts and execrations. The drums were then ordered to beat, the soldiers leveled their muskets, and the members of the council made their escape by the windows. Bonaparte had meanwhile gone to Paris, where he said that attempts had been made to stab him, and one person declared that he had received wounds intended for Bonaparte. The Council of Five Hundred was dissolved by a vote of abstention of its members, who also, in conjunction with the Ancients, passed a decree making Sieyes, Bonaparte and Ducos provisional consuls and investing them with supreme executive power. The coup d'etat was merely begun on the 18th Brumaire, and its success was only assured on the 19th.

After his installation at Elba, early in May, 1814, Napoleon feigned resignation, but really and secretly he prepared a small body of picked troops and a diminutive navy for any chance and bent an attentive ear to every rumor from France. News from the continent began to restore his hopes. A report came that the allies were thinking of transporting him to the island of St. Helena, and a counter-revolutionary party for any chance and bent an attentive ear to every rumor from France. News from the continent began to restore his hopes. A report came that the allies were thinking of transporting him to the island of St. Helena, and a counter-revolutionary party for any chance and bent an attentive ear to every rumor from France. News from the continent began to restore his hopes. A report came that the allies were thinking of transporting him to the island of St. Helena, and a counter-revolutionary party for any chance and bent an attentive ear to every rumor from France.

The only thing that should have restrained Napoleon was the interest of France, and not loyalty to treaties which had never been respected toward him. The promises made him had not been kept; the French government had not paid the annual two millions promised him and had seized the personal property of his family. Moreover, he fully believed in the scheme for depriving him of Elba and transporting him to some remote region. He sent a message to Murat begging him to apprise Austria that he would soon be in Paris, and would accept the treaty of May 30, 1814. If he was sincere his return had not even the excuse of endeavoring to restore to France the frontiers that she had lost through him.

He set sail Feb. 26, at Porto Ferrato, with Gens. Bertrand and Drouot and 1,100 soldiers, 700 of whom belonged to the Imperial guard and the rest were Poles, Italians and Corsicans. The fleet, composed of seven vessels, escaped the French and English cruisers guarding Elba. On the morning of March 1 the fleet cast anchor in Juan Gulf, between Cannes and Antibes, and a landing was easily effected.

Napoleon chose the way across the mountain of Provence and Dauphiny to reach Paris. He set out, scattering proclamations to the people and the army as he went, imputing his misfortunes to treachery and claiming to be recalled by his generals and his Parliament. He addressed an eloquent appeal to the troops. "Unfurl," he cried, "the tricolor streamers which you wore in our days of glory. Victory will march beside us; the eagle and the national colors will fly from us to spire to the towers of Notre Dame."

On the 6th of March Napoleon reached Grenoble, where there were several regiments and a large supply of arms and ammunition. The general in command of the troops sent out a detachment of engineers and artillery to blow up a bridge over the little river Bonne, in the hope of delaying Napoleon. The men disobeyed their orders and never touched the bridge. The chief of the detachment some distance and posted himself between the hills and the ponds. Napoleon marched straight upon him, and the commandant, doubting his men, would have retreated, but there was no time. Napoleon was close at hand, on foot, at the head of his little band. "Soldiers," he cried, "do you know me?" "Yes!" was the answer. He bared his breast and cried, "Which of you will fly from me? Which of you will desert? Which of you will betray me?" They waved their caps on their bayonet points, shouting, "Long live the emperor!" ran to kiss his hands, and, wild with joy, hailed him as their general, their emperor, their father! Napoleon turned to Drouot and Bertrand. "With ten days," he said, "we shall be in the Tuileries."

A fresh supply of troops came up from Grenoble, commanded by Col. La Bédoyere, who embraced Napoleon and joined him. On the same day Napoleon entered Grenoble. He now had 7,000 soldiers, and with them he reached Lyons March 10, and entered the town in the evening, the garrison joining his troops. March 13 he left Lyons, and on March 18 he was joined at Auxerre by Marshal Ney, who had been sent to take him prisoner. On the night of March 19 Napoleon reached the palace of Fontainebleau, and on the evening of the next day he was in the Tuileries. Thus ended his second and last coup d'etat.—New York Herald.

There is no pleasure in being the ant in spite of the ant's industry and hard work, the butterfly is thought the most of.—Atchison Globe.

## Eminent Whistlers Meet.

Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the whistling prima donna, and her company appeared at the opera house before a good audience. An additional number was furnished by Thomas F. Browne, the local whistler, who, by the way, Maj. Pond, Mrs. Shaw's manager, asserted would be "knocked out." Nothing of the kind happened, however, and Mr. Browne's peculiar style of whistling compared very favorably with Mrs. Shaw's.

Mrs. Shaw rendered Ardit's familiar "El Bacio," and was warmly encored, to which she gracefully responded. Mr. Browne received an ovation when he appeared. He whistled "The Forest Fairy," and responded to an encore with a medley of operatic selections, and on being recalled gave "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mrs. Shaw's volume of tone is somewhat superior to Mr. Browne's. Her notes are peculiarly sweet and birdlike, and at the same time are quite penetrating. Her trills and runs were all good, and the expression and execution were excellent. She has one advantage over Mr. Browne, and that is her musical training, but the latter overcomes that by his natural ability. In the lower register Mr. Browne excels Mrs. Shaw, particularly in the flute or piccolo intonation. His range is about three octaves, and his execution of the high notes was brilliant. He possesses one strong feature which Mrs. Shaw lacks, and that is his peculiar double tonguing.—Springfield Republican.

## A Missouri Girl.

A gentleman riding on the east side the other day witnessed a rare exhibition of spirit in a young lady well known in society circles. She was out calling in her father's carriage behind one of the fastest private teams in the city. Her coachman was of the old French type, which considered itself greater than the king when driving his royal highness.

The young lady ordered the carriage stopped at a certain number, and handed the coachman a card to present at the door. He objected to going on such an undignified mission. She ordered, and he replied that he was not a messenger boy; whereupon the young lady grew suddenly two inches in stature and with a dignity that even a coachman might have envied she ordered him to give her the reins and get out of the carriage. He saw that every line in her face indicated business and abdications his throne. With greater ease than many men can boast she sat upon the back seat of the open carriage and drove home at a 2:40 gait.—Kansas City Times.

## State Weather Bureau.

Professor Nipher's recommendation of state weather service, as supplementary to the national signal service, is calling attention and general discussion to it. That our service is incomplete at present is evident. The chief damage done to our crops is not by the great storms that destroy shipping and wreck buildings, but by storms quite local in origin and in range. The general service can only refer to these in general terms as local storms "in northern Illinois," or "in western New York," or "along the Gulf," but a state service would have for its special work to forecast these less extended and localized disturbances and announce them to the agriculturists. Professor Nipher reminds us that in 1893 the telephone will be public property, and can be used by such a state service to communicate with every farm. "Hello! John Smith! Get up and get in your hay! A shower will be there in three-quarters of an hour." Such is science.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A High Slinger.

The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practiced public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Moreover, the singer and speaker need to use no exertion save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.—The Naturalist.

## Old Put, Outdone.

Mr. Crumpton, who lives in the Arkansas flats, seven miles south of Quanah, had an inkling that something was going wrong around his place, and determined to seek out the trespasser. Going a short distance from his house, he entered a cave, and in the darkness was confronted with a pair of fierce, glaring eyes and rumbling growls. Whipping out his revolver he shot at his mark, when a scream was uttered and suddenly an enormous panther sprang upon him, knocking him some feet backward, when a hand to hand fight ensued. After a fierce struggle and being violently scratched in the face, Mr. C. finally succeeded in firing the fatal shot which stretched his game out. The animal was dragged from the cave and measured over nine feet.—Carter Eagle.

## Law as a Judge Defines it.

An interesting case of trial for attempted bigamy was summarily disposed of by Judge Ridley in the criminal court. Charles Ready is a negro. Upon an indictment of bigamy he was brought into court the other day to answer a charge of attempting to commit bigamy by using a bogus license. The facts were fully established, but the judge gave a verdict of not guilty. "There can be no bigamy or attempt at bigamy," he said, "unless the license is genuine." He therefore dismissed the case. Ready was held in custody, however, as it is understood he has actually married several women and is still subject to indictment for bigamy.—Nashville American.

## Baer's Photographs

—OF—  
**Arizona Scenery**

Grand Canyon.

Cliff Dwellings, Etc.

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